"TWICE A WEEK"

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THE BEGINNING OF FRIENDSHIP.

THE FLOWER-GIRL.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

CHAPTER IX.

THE OPIUM SLAVE.

IN the neighbourhood of Gray's Inn-land there are numerous courts and alleys, from a casual glance into which the stranger turns with a feeling almost of horror. They reveal to him unexpected glimpses of the dark under-current of London life.

In these retreats poverty assumes a form even more revolting than its own. The inmates have sunk a step below what we are accustomed to regard as the lowest. They have ceased to be simply poor—they have tasted the bitterness of destitution.

Yet it was to one of these dismal courts that the stranger of foreign aspect, who boasted of his descent from the Cæsars, betook himself, after the service he had rendered the unknown, on whom he bestowed the title of "Her Ladyship."

A strange retreat, certainly, for one of lofty pretensions! Singular even for one who had not scrupled to avow his poverty!

Into this narrow, pestilential court the moonlight which filled the night without had not found its way. The tall houses, which shut out even the tainted air, cast broad impenetrable shadows. Their roofs glistened in light, but beneath they were lost in utter blackness.

At that hour, most of the inmates of the wretched houses—and each gave shelter to many families—had retired to seek oblivion from their woes in sleep.

Occasional oaths and imprecations, proceeding from the open windows of crowded rooms, alone disturbed the dead silence of the place.

That silence the stranger had evidently no desire to interrupt. His bearing, which had been bold and martial, suddenly changed. He stopped at the narrow entrance of the court, and looked into the darkness with a fixed and anxious gaze, and when he ventured into it, his step was almost inaudible; he walked cautiously and on tip-toe.

Thus, without attracting attention, he reached the fifth house in this wretched court.

At the door of this house he again paused, and listened.

All was still.

In the utter darkness, it was not easy to distinguish one house from another, yet the stranger appeared to have no misgivings. After a moment's hesitation, he pressed his knuckles against the door, which yielded at the slightest touch. It was not even closed.

It is the privilege of destitution to share none of the apprehensions of wealth. In these dens life was safe, for it was worthless, and they who owned it rested without fear, for they owned nothing else.

Singularly enough, the stranger did not appear to share the general confidence or indifference. Having entered, he turned, and carefully secured the door with a knot of cord provided for that purpose.

Then he proceeded to ascend, in the darkness, flight after flight of rotting and creaking stairs. His movements were absolutely without noise. Only experience could have given him his knowledge of the place and his facilities for turning it to account.

As the man crept up the topmost flight—that which led him into the storey beneath the roof—a faint light attracted his attention. It streamed in a broad line beneath a door, to which a few steps sufficed to bring him.

With the silence which had characterised all his movements the man, turned the handle of the door, and entered the room into which it led.

It was a small apartment under the roof, which formed one inclining side of it. The furniture was poor and scanty, but it was clean; and there were even indications of something more than poverty about it. Upon a table, scratched and broken, but which had at one time formed an ornament in a far different apartment, there rested a pile of books in foreign bindings. A cloak, lined with mangy furs, hung from a nail; a guitar without strings rested in a corner; and, chiefly conspicuous, a crucifix of ivory, ancient, and of some value, occupied a place over the wretched mantelpiece.

These objects were clearly discernible, though no light burned in the room; they stood out distinctly in the glare of the fire, which burned briskly in the narrow, pinched-up grate.

This handful of fire it seemed to be the occupation of the sole occupant of the garret to nurse and tend; and in this employment all his faculties seemed absorbed. His large, luminous eyes were fixed, as if by a sort of fascination, upon the glowing coals; and with outspread hands he seemed to clutch convulsively at the little heat which they emitted.

"Comrade!" said the man who entered, in a low whisper.

For a moment, he who bent over the fire gave no heed: then slowly and vacantly he turned his face upon the speaker.

As seen in the lurid glow of the flames, that face was one not easy to forget. There was upon it the stamp of manly beauty; but how violated—how distorted! Masses of grey hair, matted and uncombed, concealed the brow, and scarcely revealed eyes of unnatural lustre burning in their cavernous sockets. The gaunt cheeks, and the full, sensuous lips of the man, were white—absolutely white; and around the mouth and over the face hung a thick mass of grizzled beard, revealing here and there patches of livid flesh.

Into this beard the fingers of a yellow, claw-like hand were fiercely twisted.

"Roderick," said the stranger, again speaking, "had you lost me? Did you begin to think me gone for ever?"

He of the white face heaved a deep moan, and his lips moved as if trying to shape themselves into a reply.

"I—I had forgotten," he answered at length, in a hollow voice.

"Ah," said the other reproachfully, in his foreign accent, "you have again deceived me. You are drunk—drunk with this Devil's poison!"

He pointed as he spoke to a fragment of some brown substance, which remained in an open paper upon the table.

The man replied only with a groan, piteously belying the fixed vacant smile upon his colourless lips.

The foreigner shook his head mournfully.

"Roderick, my comrade," he cried, "why will you do this? Why will you, who are so brave, yield like a weak child to the fiend that curses you—kills you? You are like a living corpse; the cold damp of death is on your brow, and on your hand, and—great God!—you glare at me with the eyes of an idiot!"

The opium-eater—for it was with the juice of that hideous poison that the man robbed himself of energy, and slowly of life—raised one hand deprecatingly. He had neither the will nor the power to discuss the point; and he knew too well—far better than the man who remonstrated with him—the nature of the tyrant to which he had sacrificed his manhood.

There was a pause, a pause of short duration, during which the foreigner fixed upon his companion a gaze, partly of admiration, partly of bitter contempt. Then he spoke.

"Roderick," he said, "I have done well to-night."

"Well?" repeated the other, feebly.

"Yes. Did I not say to you that the worst had come—that destitution stared us in the face—that, unless something happened, you must take a larger dose of your poison, and I must try the effects of my national remedy for sorrow, a brasier of charcoal?"

"You did."

"And I said truly. But I didn't bring you the opium, nor did I prepare the brazier; can you understand why?"

The man shook his head, as if he had lost the power to understand.

"It was," resumed the other, "because I was not without hope. Without hope!—I am the child of Fate, and it is never time for me to despair. At the worst, Fate comes to the rescue in one form or another. This time it has assumed the form of a woman."

"A woman?"

"Yes. See here: this dainty little wallet, this purse of velvet, heavy with its embroidery of gold, could only have belonged to a woman, and a woman of position, too. And see—see!"

He drew from the purse as he spoke a roll of notes. Placing them upon the table, he proceeded to turn them over with a quick finger and thumb, a thrill of pleasure agitating his frame as he heard the rustle of the fresh, crisp paper, and glanced at the sums it represented. The opium-eater was also interested; a gleam came into his languid eyes, and a faint flush lit up the cheeks, white and clammy as the face of the dead.

"Roderick!" cried the impetuous Frenchman, "we are saved—we are made! Here is enough to keep us in comfort, nay, in luxury, while the good cause grows; and where this comes from there is more. I have found a mine, comrade—a mine that will yield anything, everything, for the working!"

"I hear you, Paul," answered the other, faintly, and in a tone which implied that he wished his companion to proceed.

"You would know how I obtained this—how I detected the mine? Ah, Roderick! the man who keeps his eyes open will always find something worth looking at. When I left you, two nights ago, I wrapped myself in my cloak, and wandered away—away eastward. I had no object. 'I shall meet a friend,' I thought; 'I shall find something—borrow something—steal something, if it comes to that.'"

The eyes of the man called Roderick turned significantly towards the pile of notes upon the table before him.

"No," said the Frenchman quickly, interpreting his glance; "I did not steal these. They were a loan; I drew them upon the future. But you shall hear. I had reached one of the lowest of the many streets with which the part to which I betook myself abounds, when my Fate whispered to me. 'See,' it said, 'there is a carriage; it has an occupant; to that occupant your Fate confides you.' I looked up. It rolled slowly before me; a common street cab, but from which the number had been removed. The driver, also, was not the cabman of the streets. This vehicle drove slowly, and presently it stopped. A white hand was thrust from the inside—a white, small hand, for I marked it well—and a woman let herself out, and softly closed the door. Instantly the cab rolled off."

"And the woman?" asked Roderick, striving to concentrate his attention on the story.

"She did not stay. A few doors off there were the flaring lights and the glowing placards of a small theatre; toward this she bent her steps. Her manner betrayed fear and agitation; her movements, also, were those of a woman of birth and breeding. To be brief, this woman entered the theatre; I followed. She had means, and soon found her way into the best part of the house, one of three boxes above the stage; I had but a few pence, and I perforce contented myself with a corner in the crowded gallery. But I selected a corner on the opposite side of the house to that which she occupied, and I kept my eyes fixed upon her unceasingly; there was not a movement that I did not see—not an expression of her face that I did not register in my memory."

"But why—why should you have done this?" demanded the listener.

"You will see. For a time she sat veiled. The performance on the stage was of an exciting, thrilling description, but one glance contented her. Then her eyes wandered listlessly around, or remained fixed on the drapery before her. But at the entrance of any fresh character upon the scene, she started, looked up, then dropped her eyes as before. 'Ah, ah, madam!' said I, 'you await some favourite actor; you are fascinated; you are in love with one of these painted heroes.' My surmise was correct. At last he came: the impersonator of a part of no importance, but a fine, tall, handsome fellow—such a man as would catch the fancy of a weak woman. Then she was all eye and ear. For a moment she even ventured to raise her veil, and in that moment I recognised her ——"

"You did—you knew her?"

"I had met her in bygone times; in Paris, too, and I recalled the face as that of one who had moved in the highest circle. I instantly resolved upon my course. She was rich; she courted secrecy. I was poor; I had detected her, and I determined that she should pay me for the advantage I had gained. A trifling incident confirmed both my suspicion and my determination. At the close of the piece, when the other actors had received their calls, this second-rate favourite came before the curtain. And as he passed, a bouquet fell at his feet. It was dexterously thrown, but his eye and mine detected the hand that had bestowed it. The veiled lady had committed that indiscretion."

"I see. And you—what did you do?"

"The bouquet thrown, she left the house; I followed, but I was too late for my purpose. She had entered the cab, and it was already rolling down the street."

"You lost her, then?"

"For that time. But to-night, as I suspected, she came again. She waited for him, had an interview with him, and ——"

"Go on."

"Simply, she has obliged us with the loan of these notes."

The narrative had interested and excited Roderick, but he was still like a man buffetting with the waves. His strong will contended with the fumes of the drug which clouded his brain, and it was only by snatches that he could gather the purport of the Frenchman's words, which came to him as if from a distance.

"And the lady?" he asked; "can you not recall her name?"

"No. But I shall meet her; and her face, which is of rare beauty, I shall detect in a moment. But here—see!—here is her crest embroidered in gold upon the purse."

Roderick seized it.

For a moment he endeavoured in vain to concentrate his gaze upon the object as it lay in his hand. A mist, thick and impenetrable, seemed to obscure it. But by degrees the wandering orbs obeyed his will; the mist vanished, and, as it did so, the opium-eater started to his feet with a cry of rage and indignation.

And dashing the purse to the floor, he ground it beneath his heel.

"Paul Monnerat," he cried, "you have played me false!"

"I? Are you mad, Roderick?"

"No; I have recovered my senses. I have awakened from my opium dreams in time—only in time. It was well-devised, this plot, this scheme between you and the cursed harlot. You have a good heart, Paul, but you are clumsy in your inventions, and I am not blind."

The Frenchman, who had also risen, stood gazing at his frantic companion in speechless amazement.

"You see I know all," continued Roderick; "you have discovered my secret, and have thought to serve me. But I refuse to yield an inch. I will not humble myself to her, though I drop, rolling into a pauper's grave. No! Lady Grace de L'Olme has sought at once to appease her conscience and punish my pride, and the story you have told me was well-concocted ——"

"It was true—in every word true," interrupted Paul Monnerat.

"Yes, as she is true—true! Heaven help her! But you have played your part kindly, though not well. You have become her almoner; but I decline to become her slave, her hireling, her dependant. She has bribed you to offer me this—trash ——"

He snatched the bundle of bank notes from the table as he spoke.

"You have done her bidding," he continued. "Tell her so. You have played the part of her go-between to your very best. Tell her so, and from me. You have asked me to accept her ladyship's—charity! And see—this is my answer!"

As he spoke he tore the notes asunder with a yell, as a wild beast tears the flesh of its victim; and, with a curse, tossed them into the red hollow of the fire.

In one instant they were powder!

"Madman!" cried Paul, who had in vain endeavoured to rescue the precious notes; "what have you done?"

"I have answered Lady Grace de L'Olme," replied Roderick, coolly.

"No!" cried Paul Monnerat; "you have simply reduced yourself from wealth to destitution."

CHAPTER X.

THE TWO CROSSES.

VIOLET was delirious.

That was the message which they brought to Colonel Heartlaw, as he sat over his untasted breakfast, on the morning after the outrage at the Black Villa.

The wound she had received from the discharge of the Colonel's pistol was slight—a mere flesh-wound in the arm; but the state of mental agony which had preceded it had proved too much for her delicate organisation. Combined with the terror of the moment, it had prostrated her; and she now lay on her bed, talking wildly of things which those around her could not comprehend.

"As to her talk," said Mrs. Hetty, "it's full of eyes. First, it's black eyes looking over a wall; then it's black eyes peeping through a hedge; then it's angels with blue eyes; then it's demons with green eyes, and red eyes, and flames of eyes. Mercy on us! What does the darling mean? And something about papers."

"Papers?" asked the Colonel, who was the person addressed.

"Oh, yes; ever so much about papers—eyes and papers, papers and eyes!"

"Mere raving," replied the Colonel. "But now what is to be done? My arrangements are made; the ship sails to-morrow. It breaks my heart to leave my darling in this state, and yet I cannot stay for her recovery. By the way, Mrs. Hetty, can you in any way account for the presence of that ruffian in the house last night? Ephraim has examined, and finds that my room was not entered from the window. But if not, how could the man have found his way there?"

"I'm sure it's more than I can tell," replied Mrs. Hetty, "unless he got in from Miss Violet's room, which her window's open mostly night and day."

"True;" and that might have accounted for her coming into the room at that unfortunate moment—unfortunate, that is, in one respect; but in another, perhaps, most fortunate."

"Indeed, sir?"

"Yes: as it was, the intruder had only time to carry off a writing-case of no value; whereas, lying on the table next it, was a cash-box full of notes, and containing, besides, papers useless to others, but which I would not have lost for their weight in gold. But for Violet's apparition ——"

"They might have been gone! Bless me! how things do work round!"

Here the conference ended; but it was followed by many more during that day, at each of which the health of Violet was the chief theme of conversation. Toward evening she was calmer, and her state was the more hopeful.

And this was indeed a delight to Colonel Heartlaw; for that evening he was compelled to take his farewell of the beloved girl.

A sad close it was to years of mutual affection. The gathering twilight dimly revealed to him the beloved

face, pale and wasted, the rich tresses scattered wildly around it, and the eyes rolling with a vacant and unnatural gaze.

The Colonel advanced, and, taking the little hand in his, whispered the familiar name.

"Violet!" he said.

His voice was choked with emotion.

She did not hear him. The voice she loved awoke in her no emotion.

Pained to the heart, he bent over her, he looked into her eyes, he pressed a kiss upon her cold brow, and called her "darling" and "beloved"—and to all she was indifferent.

It might have been a stranger by her side.

"Oh! this is agony!" he said, the tears standing in his eyes; "I cannot bear it—I cannot bear it! Violet, my child, my child; your father blesses you! In this hour of parting, he calls on Heaven to watch, and guard, and comfort you! Good-bye."

One glance at the white face—one shudder at the wild, sightless eyes—and he was gone!

Violet had lost her benefactor, and her truest friend.

Need we detail the slow and painful steps by which she awoke to the consciousness of that loss? Need we show how, as day succeeded day, the fever subsided, and her enfeebled brain grew to the consciousness of surrounding things, and slowly, slowly recalled the terrible past, and realised the yet more terrible present? No: it is enough to say that the awakening was agonising. And the knowledge, tenderly imparted to her, that the Colonel was indeed gone, almost induced a relapse.

It was Violet's first great sorrow, and it seemed to her too heavy to be borne.

"I am alone! I am alone!" she would murmur to herself, hour after hour; "I am alone! I am alone!"

And the terror of loneliness overwhelmed her.

But time flows on, careless of our joys and griefs: beneficent Nature performs her functions, whether we laugh or weep: and the divine, life-giving, health-inspiring influences are superior even to despair. So, as the days went on, Violet gained health and strength; and with these came an amelioration of her anguish for the past, and faint gleams of hope for the future.

"I am alone!" she still murmured; but she did not feel her loneliness with such poignant intensity.

And this was in some measure due to the motherly care of Mrs. Hetty—to say nothing of Ephraim, who, in his anxiety, seemed to live on the bottom stair of the flight leading to Violet's room. Nor were these the only friends by whom she was surrounded. As soon as the doctor had pronounced her out of danger, Sir Jasper Wylde paid a stately and formal visit, to assure himself, he said, that she wanted for nothing. This was succeeded by a loud, demonstrative visit from Lady Wylde, who came accompanied by a very small page in a very large suit of livery, breaking out all over in brass buttons; and bringing with him the most limited quantity of weak soup in a tureen of such magnificent proportions and so radiant with gold, that it might have contained real turtle for the Lord Mayor himself! This soup, her ladyship informed the invalid, she had prepared with her own white hand; adding, for the benefit of Mrs. Hetty, who stood by, that English menials knew nothing about soup, and, in fact, were piteously ignorant of everything else. Violet expressed her thanks, but ventured to suggest that a visit from her ladyship's daughter, Aurelia, would be even more beneficial to her.

The suggestion was not received with a very good grace.

A cloud overswept the brow of Lady Wylde at the mention of Aurelia; and it was only by an effort that she recovered her accustomed smile.

"You will see quite enough of Aurelia, Miss Heartlaw," she said, "when you come to live at Moidore Lodge. But as you will. If she will not worry you—if you are quite sure she will not worry you?"

"I am quite, quite sure," replied Violet.

And soon after Lady Wylde took her leave, accompanied to the door by Mrs. Hetty.

"You will take great care," said her ladyship, "of that precious——"

"Oh, yes, my lady!" interrupted Mrs. Hetty, "you may be sure of that. She shall want for nothing."

"*She!*" exclaimed her ladyship, with a toss of the head, "I wasn't alluding to that ——" She checked herself; "I was speaking of my soup-tureen!"

Then motioning to the lad afflicted with the buttons, she sailed grandly off.

The meeting between Violet and Aurelia was one of unalloyed girlish happiness. They had been schoolfellows. More than that, they had been school friends; and what friendship of after life ever equals that which springs up in the fresh, warm, generous heart of the young in the little world of school?

For some time Aurelia had been absent—had been staying with friends at the sea-side, with friends in the country, and lastly with friends in town. Sir Jasper and Lady Wylde were marvellous people for friends. They knew everybody—in fact, on Lady Jasper's showing, they were the bosom friends and chosen confidants of everybody of any rank or means. And certainly, in point of number, her circle of acquaintance was sufficiently wide; and Aurelia was, in consequence, always exposed to temptations which drew her from her home.

Did she regret this?

Violet, her bosom friend, thought not; and yet she hardly knew why she had that impression. Moidore Lodge was a palace in its kind, and had Aurelia been a princess, she could not have wanted for less. Surely, then, she should have been happy. Should? Violet did not even breathe to herself the suspicion that she was not.

And yet it seemed to her, that as Aurelia sat in a cloud of silken drapery by the bedside, the rays of the evening sun fell upon a face, in the abounding beauty of which there was yet a shade of weariness, perchance of sorrow. That face presented a striking contrast to her own. It was of an entirely different type. In a lower rank of life, it might almost have been supposed to have derived some of its more striking characteristics from the gipsy stock. The luxuriant hair, blacker than night; the eyes, in the solemn depths of which the lightnings of passion kindled and glowed; the complexion, dark but clear; the ruddy cheek; the teeth, flashing their snows through the rich, full, Oriental lips—all these indicated, or would, in one less highly connected, relationship to that strange race who claim descent from the Pharaohs.

Some idea of this passed through Violet's mind, as she gazed at her from her couch of pillows; but other thoughts soon chased it from her mind.

"Aurelia," she said, "it is but a few months since we parted, and now—you are a woman! Have I, too, passed through that wondrous stage at which girlhood ends, and womanhood begins?"

The young girl looked up hastily, and a crimson flush suffused her cheek as she said, as if avoiding a more direct answer:—

"Am I indeed so changed? Am I—oh, tell me, tell me!—am I less the school-girl, and more, much more the woman?"

"And if I answered 'yes,' darling, would it grieve you so much?"

"Grieve me? Oh, no, no! You do not understand—you cannot understand. No matter whether it grieves or pleases—tell me, is it so?"

There was an earnestness, a fierceness, in the manner of the girl, which terrified Violet. It was unnatural, and yet she felt that it was real—terribly real.

"Aurelia," she said, "you must not question me. Your own heart will answer you. You are more changed in feeling than in form, and even in that you have grown—a woman."

"Thank God!" cried the girl, with a fervour which the subject did not apparently warrant.

"How changed we both are!" said Violet, "since that fresh spring morning when, with a palpitating heart, I first stood in the little school-room, then a place of dread, but afterwards the scene of hours whose happiness can never come again. I recall it as if it was but yesterday. The staid Miss Simmer and poor Hetty; the group of timid girls about the door on tiptoe for a sight of the new pupil; and you, darling, the favoured parlour-boarder, as you rushed wildly in, and grasping both my hands, promised to love me for ever and for ever, for my blue eyes!"

Strange! Even as she spoke the attention of Aurelia had wandered. Her eyes were turned toward the open window; she was absorbed in thought.

With a start she recovered herself.

"And you are sure, quite sure," she said, abruptly, "that I am no longer a—a school-girl? That I have outgrown the look, the air, the manners of a child? You are quite sure?"

"And what if you have not?" asked Violet.

"Oh, don't, don't say it!" ejaculated the girl, tears springing into her eyes as she spoke; "unless you wish to break my heart, say anything but that!"

"But why ——?"

"Don't ask me, Violet dear; don't seem to notice my wild ways, my haggard looks. I have eyes enough on me—don't torture me with yours. Let me believe, think, feel I am a woman, and let me have a woman's privilege to act as I will act."

She had left her seat. She had twined her white fingers in the floating tresses that hung around her. She was pacing—slowly pacing—the little chamber.

"You loved him?" she said, pausing suddenly.

"Him? The Colonel?"

"Yes."

"As my father."

"Pshaw! Think, if you had loved him twenty, forty, a hundred times as well. If his presence had been heaven to you, his absence—hell! If every word he breathed had thrilled your soul; if every look had given you ecstacy; if the mere thought of him had been meat, drink, life, everything—and you had parted!"

"But, darling ——"

"But think of this. Now think, if to your warm, fierce, eager, passionate entreaties—if to your abject prayers to meet again—he had returned a message—three brief lines—telling you that you were a simple girl, tender enough to wait his lordship's leisure!"

She did not pause.

She did not wait the answer to her question.

With large, fierce eyes, that seemed to scorch the tears in them, she paced and paced, twisting a handkerchief about her hands, and tearing it to shreds.

The sight of her was piteous.

Violet felt it so; and stretching forth her hand, she laid it on the shoulder of the sobbing, impassioned girl.

"Aurelia! what is your grief—your agony?" she asked in gentle tones.

"It may be guessed, not told," replied the other, fiercely. "But you," she added, as if relenting, "how should you guess it? You have never known —— ah! what mark is that—that mark upon your arm?"

She had seized the exquisite white arm held out to her; and now paused, gazing on it in amazement.

"'Tis a simple mark—perhaps a scar," said Violet.

"And when—where did you receive it?"

"In childhood, I suppose. I have no recollection of the time."

"And you have never asked?"

"No; surely it is nothing."

"It is a punctured cross," replied Aurelia, slowly. "In itself it would be singular; but see! here is its fellow."

She stripped an arm, round and beautiful as sculptured bronze, as she spoke, and threw it forward.

And there Violet beheld the facsimile of the cross which her own arm displayed!

(*To be continued in our next.*)

THE JUNE HAYMAKERS.

The sun breaks through, it has pierced the blue,
And cloven the red cloud's heart,
As up through the corn, this sweet June morn,
The larks by twenties start.

The grass-green sea rolls wild and free
For many a pleasant mile;
As row by row the mowers go,
On each brown face is a smile.

The corn-flower blue wears a jewel of dew,
And over the calm grass-sea
The poppies on high their red flags fly,
Fluttering in their glee.

In a flashing row the keen scythes go,
And the dead grass scents the air.
Far over our head the sun-clouds spread
With a splendour "rich and rare."

Ere nightfall come and birds be dumb,
The grass in roods all dead,
In long sweet heaps, where the cricket leaps
Shall round our mowers spread.

WALTER THORNBURY.

THE FOREIGNERS AT THE EXHIBITION.

We have all laughed over the poor lady who, having spent a few weeks in Paris, came back declaring that she had all but forgotten her own language! With this example by way of warning, I really tremble for the South Kensington folks. The number of foreigners down in that quarter is alarming, or amusing, according to the light in which you view it; and as to the languages discoursed there! they set one speculating as to whether Babel wasn't, after all, a primitive International Exhibition.

This confusion of tongues has already suggested expedients to the money-making. I saw to-day, in Brompton-row, a placard with three startling head-lines, thus: "INTERPRETER! INTERPRETE! DOLMETSCHER!" The rest of it was in English *only*, and apprised the intelligent foreigner, in this, to him, unknown tongue, that one Perkins was prepared, for a consideration, to act in the capacity indicated.

The cross-Channel individuals for whom this accommodation is so disinterestedly provided, are at present the great objects of interest to me, both outside and inside the building. There is nothing within those walls which I watch with more interest than the odd, quaint figures, hovering about them, having apparently stepped fresh from the panels of old Italian and Flemish painters. I met an old man the other day who, I could have sworn, sat as model to Quentyn Matsys for his picture of the "Misers." And in one of the galleries there was an old man arranging something on a stand—I think it must have been an instrument in connection with the Rosicrucian experiments—who was a walking Rembrandt, and I am convinced would have fetched no end of money at Christie's! He had a face so brown that it was difficult to imagine how it got its tone, unless it had been baked. Round this flowed grey-white locks, lengthened into curls on the shoulders. This was surmounted by a broad-leaved hat, such as you can't get in England: a hat which combines in itself the Spanish sombrero and the undeveloped Cardinal's hat of the French curé. To complete the identity, this individual wore a long, chocolate-brown gaberdine, with sugar-loaf buttons and loops from the neck to below the knees. "A genuine animated Rembrandt, depend upon it!" I said to myself; and the more I looked the more I was convinced of it.

But specimens such as these are rare, and are only to be found in connection with some of the intensely foreign Courts. It is chiefly our French "Moossoo" and our German cousin who are to be met with in shoals. And how amusing the genuine specimens are! I mean those with the peg-tops in plaits, and the very small waists, and the funny little hats, slightly curled in the brim, which nothing can make popular in England. I mean, also, those whose beards appear to have been blasted off with gunpowder, which has left their faces blue-black even to the top of their crop-ears; and whose bullet-heads are so closely cropped that they

GALLERY OF THE FINE ARTS.

NO. II.—THE SICK BOY.—(FROM A PICTURE BY F. ROBERTS.)

suggest unpleasant ideas about the galleys. These are the people who make the cigarettes, an art which no Englishman ever acquired. I refer, of course, to the improvised, not the manufactured article. You will see a Frenchman or a German coolly take out his little roll of paper, take out a single *feuille*—about the size and consistency of a quarter of a bank-note—produce his tobacco-pouch, and, with a little twist of the thumbs and fingers, produce a neat, compact, and enjoyable cigarette, which, though not held together by a particle of gum, smokes fairly to the last half-inch. Let an Englishman try this feat. He will run his fingers through half-a-dozen *feuilles*, rub his tobacco to powder, and succeed in producing a bulbous indescribable mass, which won't smoke even before the tobacco bursts out of its cerement and is trodden under foot. But I suppose this is a gift, and depends upon temperament, or something of that sort. There seems to be no reason why we should not be a cigarette-producing nation; but then there is no reason why we should not go into raptures and embrace one another, and skip about and sing little snatches of Béranger, and all because our big packing-case has crossed the water and got safe to Brompton, as I saw three Frenchmen do yesterday.

These foreigners have led me away. And yet I *should* have liked to have said a word about my friend the *ouvrier*. No; not the workman. Distinctly understand me, that I don't believe in French workmen. I believe in a Frenchman who is called François, and who wears a blue jean pinafore, and blue jean peg-tops, and gold ear-rings and a canvass shirt, a large flat, cheese-like cap, and goes about with his hands in his pockets. I believe in him. He is the *ouvrier* of my youth and of my manhood. And he is here, as much at home as in his native Paris, or his native Boulogne, or his native anywhere. And his hands, I think, are thrust, if anything, more deeply into his peg-tops here than I have seen them elsewhere; so that how and when the labour of the vast French Court was achieved, was, and will remain, a mystery and a marvel to me for evermore.

THE SICK BOY.

He sleeps, poor gentle lad! worn out
With hours of feverish pain;
After the conflict and the strife,
He calmly sleeps again!

Those placid eyelids faintly close,
Soft is each long-drawn breath;
The very quiet wakens fear—
Sleep is so like to Death.

The tender mother by his side
Her patient vigil keeps,
Content to know that pain is past,
And that her darling sleeps.

Wasted with watching, still no sense
Of weariness she knows;
He sleeps—and from that thought her heart
Gathers enough repose.

His hours of anguish she has shared,
With anguish scarcely less;
His pain has racked her heart, his cries
Have echoed her distress.

Never a moment has she left
The spot her heart assigned;
While Life with Death contended, Love
No other place could find.

And now she gathers her reward—
Hopeful her bosom feels,
Knowing that He who strikes the blow
The stricken also heals.

Sleep on, fair boy! Each hour of rest
An hour of health will give;
Watch, gentle mother, glad at heart—
Thy best-beloved will live!

W. S.

DEATH AND SLUMBER.

In brotherly embrace, walked the Angel of Sleep and the Angel of Death upon the earth.

It was evening. They laid themselves down upon a hill not far from the dwellings of men. A melancholy silence prevailed around, and the chimes of the evening bell in the distant hamlet ceased.

Still and silent, as was their custom, sat these two beneficent Genii of the human race, their arms entwined with cordial familiarity, and soon the shades of night gathered around them.

Then arose the Angel of Sleep from his moss-grown couch, and strewed, with a gentle hand, the invisible grains of slumber. The evening breeze wafted them to the quiet dwelling of the tired husbandman, enfolding in sweet sleep the inmates of the rural cottage, from the old man upon the staff down to the infant in the cradle. The sick forgot their pain; the mourners their grief; the poor their care. All eyes closed.

His task accomplished, the benevolent Angel of Sleep laid himself again by the side of his grave brother. "When Aurora awakes," exclaimed he, with innocent joy, "men praise me as their friend and benefactor. Oh! what happiness, unseen and secretly to confer such benefits! How blessed are we to be the invisible messengers of the Good Spirit! How beautiful is our silent calling!"

So spake the friendly Angel of Slumber.

The Angel of Death sat with still deeper melancholy on his brow, and a tear, such as mortals shed, appeared in his large dark eyes. "Alas!" said he, "I may not, like thee, rejoice in the cheerful thanks of mankind; they call me upon the earth their enemy and joy-killer."

"Oh! my brother," replied the gentle Angel of Slumber, "and will not the good man, at his awaking, recognise in thee his friend and benefactor, and gratefully bless thee in his joy? Are we not brothers and ministers of one Father?"

As he spake, the eyes of the Death Angel beamed with pleasure, and again did the two friendly Genii cordially embrace each other.

THE OLD EARL AT CROFT VILLA.

GUILTY, OR NOT GUILTY.

BY MRS. H. M. GORDON SMYTHIES,

Author of "Our Mary; or, Murder will Out," "The Girl we Leave Behind us," "Lovers and Fortune-Hunters," &c., &c.

CHAPTER X.

A BELGRAVIAN MAMMA.

"'Tis these that early taint the female soul;
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll;
Teach infant cheeks a hidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau."

POPE.

"WELL, my dear Augusta," said Lady Hauteville to her eldest daughter, after Edith had been carried off in Mrs. Croft's brougham, to reside at Croft Villa for an indefinite period—"Well, I'm very glad that's settled. It would, indeed, have been a sad thing if your presentation and Georgina's had been delayed on account of poor Edith; and yet, if Mrs. Croft had not so kindly offered to take her, what could have been done?"

"I suppose she must have remained here with grandpapa and her nurse, mamma," said Miss Augusta, very coldly. "It would have been too absurd to keep Georgina and me back on account of that little carrotty cripple!"

"I think," said Miss Georgina, "much too great a fuss is made with Edith; a little sickly, ugly thing!"

"She has not your beauty, certainly, my dears," said Lady Hauteville; "and, I own, I do not like her disposition or her manners. She has no dignity, no proper pride, no lady-like reserve, no necessary little feminine artifice; but I beg, my loves, you will not forget she is your sister, and an invalid, and that it is bad taste not at least to *appear* to feel an affectionate interest in her!"

Bad taste! It never struck Lady Hauteville that it was very bad feeling—that she cared little about.

But were the cold, proud young beauties right? Was Edith Lorraine "a carrotty cripple," and a "sickly, ugly little thing?" Her hair was certainly of a very red auburn, and ill-nature might call it carrotty, but it was most silken, profuse, and rippled; and was just of the hue to ripen into the colour of the horse-chesnut, or the pheasant's-breast.

Her elder sisters had fine long hair of a pale flaxen, and to them Edith's rich tresses were odious. They had regular features, slightly aquiline, a delicate bloom, and light blue eyes.

Edith had a broad full forehead, fine deep-set dark eyes, full of fire and feeling, and looking at that time much too large for the little pale, pointed face to which they belonged.

With regard to her figure: it was very small for her age, and threatened to be deformed by a curvature of the spine, and the shortening of one leg. And even the doctors could not decide positively what the result of the accident she had met with would be. A good accession of health and strength might enable her to recover entirely.

As it was, she was doomed to spend the livelong day on a reclining-board. And this necessity, which shut her out from all the pleasures and occupations of other children, would have been intolerable to her, but for the sympathy, companionship, and devoted kindness of Arthur Bertram, Mr. Croft's grandson.

The Croft children, headstrong, selfish, and quarrelsome, took little notice of poor Edith, who could not in any way contribute to their amusement.

But Arthur Bertram would sit by her reclining-board the livelong day reading to her; for when Edith went to live at the Crofts he was four years older than herself, very precocious in intellect, but rather a proud, sensitive boy, who preferred the company of the grateful and bright little invalid to that of the rude, jealous, bullying young Crofts.

Mrs. Croft was as good as her word; little Edith had every care and attention. She was made a great deal of, for she was the Earl of Rockalpine's granddaughter, and had no little influence with the miserly old recluse, who to please her, as she gained strength and was able to sit up and drive out, would invite her and her chosen friend Arthur to spend weeks together at the Castle; and Edith would sometimes get one or other of the Croft children included in the invitation, and induce her grandpapa to let Roger and some of his Eton schoolfellows, whom he invited during the holidays (always selecting rich and affluent men) to fish or shoot in the Rockalpine preserves.

Edith was fast growing straight, strong, rosy, and very pretty; and a more charming little couple than Edith Lorraine and Arthur Bertram could not be found. And while they grow together in grace, goodness, and beauty, we must inquire what Lady Hauteville and her handsome daughters are doing in town; and how the presentation of the Misses Lorraine went off at her Majesty's Drawing-room.

CHAPTER XI.

PRESENTED AT COURT.

"So full of dismal terror was the time."

SHAKESPEARE.

"With stores of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and adjudge the prize."

MILTON.

WE have said, that at the first Drawing-room of the season held by our beloved Queen (then a proud wife and a happy daughter), Lady Hauteville intended to present her two eldest girls, Miss Lorraine, and Georgina Lorraine.

Miss Lorraine was eighteen; and seventeen (which was her sister's age) is that which Fashion has fixed for that ceremony which is, as it were, the inauguration of the young English lady of the "upper ten thousand" into fashionable life.

It is an anxious and important event to all mothers and daughters. Of course it is much more so among the aspiring classes (whose predecessors in the female line have not had the honour of bending the knee to, and kissing the hand of, the queens of other days) than it can be to those "born to tread the crimson carpet, and to breathe the perfumed air," and to whom presentation at Court comes as a natural event, and almost as a birthright. But still, even to the loftiest, it is an event of importance. The young beauty, whom the wise Belgravian mamma has so carefully kept from the eyes of those whose fiat decides her rank as a belle, lest the great charm of novelty should be worn off, is now exhibited for the first time to the world of Fashion, and that in the searching glare of the mid-day sun; and bare-headed, and her neck, her arms, and shoulders uncovered—in short, in an evening dress, which a wag once severely called almost a dress of Eve—is, as it were, put up in the matrimonial market.

For what else in reality is this introduction into society? And what are all the rich old beaux (whether widowers or bachelors) "who from sordid parents buy the loathing virgin," but bidders—the highest bidders, perhaps — in that market, and those to whom the youngest and loveliest are sure to be "knocked down?"

Lady Hauteville was, as we have said, a *parvenu*; and though a very clever one, and a very adroit imitator of the calm self-possession and high-bred indifference of the fair patricians around her, she was not, as they were, exactly what she seemed. In reality, she was very much excited at the idea of presenting her daughters.

She was in an inward fever about their dress, their appearance, and the effect they would produce. Her eldest was rather backward, both in the development of her person and her mind; while the second was precocious, at least as far as the former is concerned. And therefore it was that Lady Hauteville had decided to give Miss Lorraine the advantage of another year, hoping she would fill out into greater roundness, and have more manner, and more to say for herself, and be even then not more of a woman than her sister at seventeen.

She had acted wisely. Miss Lorraine, who at seventeen had been lank and scraggy, with very thin arms and red elbows, a very flat bust, and a tendency to purple arms and a red nose, shy, nervous, silent, and awkward, at eighteen was a well-rounded, graceful creature, with white hands and a white nose, easy manners, and plenty to say.

It was a very gay Drawing-room. Victoria, "every

inch a Queen, although those inches be not many," as has been cleverly said, stood with her noble Consort close at hand, the soft spring sun sparkling in her jewels, and a bright light and a soft beam in her large blue eyes, whenever any fair young *débutante* bent tremblingly before her.

Fair Queen! the Angel of Death had not then left the shadow of his dark wings on her heart or hearth; she had never known a real woe. Alas, alas! how has she wept since that bright day! May He who sent the dread, fierce sorrow enable her to bear it, and in His mercy temper the wind to the shorn lamb.

But to our tale. Lady Hauteville, although all rich brocade and gorgeous colours, and flashing gems herself, was well aware that an elegant simplicity best becomes the spring-time of beauty. Autumn has her gorgeous velvet dahlias; spring has her pale primroses, her snowdrops, her soft lilies.

Among those presented at that Drawing-room, the Misses Lorraine were pre-eminent for that fair, delicate, proud, patrician beauty which is almost peculiar to our young female aristocracy. They were—as *débutantes* always should be—in pure white; their glacé silk trains were ornamented with bouquets of lilies-of-the-valley, white roses, and stephanotis; their many-skirted tulle dresses were looped-up with the same. They wore no ornaments but pearls; long and ample white tulle veils hung like a soft vapour about them; a pearl tiara was on each fair brow; a plume of white feathers waved gracefully from each blonde head, and drooped on to the white shoulder. The excitement of the occasion flushed their cheeks with a becoming and delicate rose tint; and they had been so well tutored and trained by Monsieur Le Zephyr, their dancing-master, that they made no mistake of any kind, but backed adroitly and gracefully out of the Queen's presence, having taken with precision and success their first step in high life, and having been, in fact, presented!

Lord and Lady Hauteville, who, as he was a Minister, had the privilege of the *entrée*, joined their fair daughters in the lobby.

Lord Hauteville was always silent, pale, reserved, and preoccupied.

He went through his part at the Drawing-room like an automaton. His thoughts were far away; perhaps they were hovering round a certain little, grassy amphitheatre, fenced in by firs and other evergreens, in a dark wood, three hundred miles away. Perhaps a certain fir-tree, with some deadly and to him appalling symbols carved on its bark, rose on his mental vision. Perhaps certain withered and discoloured patches on the soft, green sod that carpeted the spot forced themselves on his memory, and brought with them maddening recollections of blood—a brother's blood! Perhaps that scene recalled a levée at which, some twenty years before, his elder brother, then Lord Hauteville, and himself, had been presented.

Quite against his will, and in spite of himself, all the past might have come back upon his mind; and the late noble form of his brother—his fine face, full of life, and hope, and love—have come before him, and shut out his gorgeous, triumphant wife, those fair and proud young beauties (his daughters), and all the young, meaningless, and blooming, and the old, haggard, and worn-out faces of those who crowded round to congratulate, to admire, or to criticise.

Among those who pressed round to admire were the old Earl of Richlands, a childless and almost childish widower; the young Marquis of Malplaquet, a red-haired, long-backed noodle, with a hollow roof and a hollow heart; Sir Joseph Brownlow, a millionaire, who had made his fortune by speculation, and who was of low birth, red face, vulgar person and habits, sordid mind, and middle age; but yet was an object of constant aim and vivid interest to Belgravian mammas, and—alas that we should be obliged to own it!—to their daughters, too!

There was, also, a very handsome, dark, moustachioed Count, tall, slender, looking like a hero of a novel, who, from a little distance, was shooting dark glances at Miss Lorraine. He was an Italian, who called himself Romeo de Roccabella. He had been presented at a levée by an English nobleman, with whom he had been intimate in Italy, and to whom he had rendered some service; and therefore he found no difficulty in getting to the Drawing-room.

This Italian had constantly met the Misses Lorraine taking their early morning walk in the park, before breakfast, with their governess.

He had been struck by their beauty, and had followed them home.

He had made inquiries, and had ascertained who and what they were; and they, on their side—with the curiosity of their age, the love of any sort of excitement that belongs to a life of enforced seclusion, and the romance that lurks even in the coldest female breast—had begun to anticipate meeting him in their morning walk—to speculate about him—to count up the times they had seen him—to comment on his looks and dress, and to interchange signs and whispers about him, when the weary, pale governess had dropped asleep, or had left the school-room for a few minutes of blessed quiet, freedom, and seclusion from them.

The inquiries of Count Romeo de Roccabella ended in his hearing an exaggerated account of the wealth of the Hauteville family, and what interested him still more, that the two elder Misses Lorraine had each a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, left her absolutely by her millionaire grandfather, Sir James Armstrong, and which became her own on her attaining the age of twenty, or on her marrying with the consent of her parents before.

After this, the Count never once missed the morning walk in Kensington-gardens or Hyde-park, in which he was sure to meet the little, pale, dark, neat governess and the two tall, blonde, fair young girls.

Nor was this all. He haunted the neighbourhood of their house. He prowled about the iron railings of the square, in which they sauntered with poor, little Miss Lindley, their governess, every evening. He even contrived to borrow, against all rules, a key of the square gardens, from a friend whose mother lived in the square.

Georgina Lorraine thought he was her admirer. Augusta fancied it was she who had made this grand conquest; and even poor, little, dark, pale Miss Lindley, with her square face and spectacles, but with a neat little figure, and a pretty foot and ankle, and full of novels in which governesses were the heroines, such as "The Life of a Lover," "The Daily Governess," "Jane Eyre," "Ann Sherwood," &c., &c., thought that she herself might, after all, be the attraction, and indulged in day and night dreams of a handsome husband, a home in some Italian palace, and freedom from the wearying, enervating drudgery of teaching.

The Count had contrived, by the offer of an umbrella one day that it rained, and by picking up a book (perhaps purposely dropped), to scrape a sort of slight acquaintance with the young ladies and their governess. He had found out which was the elder of the two—with a view, we fear, of knowing which had the longest time to wait for her twenty thousand pounds.

And the result was, that all his dark glances were in future aimed at Miss Lorraine—and she, of course, fell desperately in love with him.

Lady Hauteville was overjoyed to see that the Earl of Richlands and the young Marquis of Malplaquet were, after they had been introduced by herself, paying assiduous court to her youngest daughter; while the millionaire, Sir Joseph, strained his round blood-shot eyes, and short, apoplectic neck, and rose on tip-toe (for he was very short), to address some vulgar personal compliments to Miss Lorraine. But she had no eyes nor ears except for the sighing, glancing Count, and answered Sir Joseph Brownlow with brief monosyllables and great incoherence. He, a vain, purse-proud old fool, attributed all this to timidity, and to the consciousness of being the object of the admiration of one of the greatest catch-matches of the season.

Lady Hauteville was in an inward ecstacy. She had already quite settled it in her own mind that her eldest daughter should become Lady Brownlow, with an almost fabulous fortune; and that her Augusta should be allowed to choose between the old Earl of Richlands and the young Marquis of Malplaquet.

The arrangements at St. James's are, as it is well known, anything but judicious. There is a terrible crush and great destruction of finery before getting into the royal presence; and the same passions agitate an aristocratic mob that excite a democratic one. Self reigns supreme, and elbowing is the order of the day.

That ordeal over, there is another and a very protracted one, and which a little better management might greatly mitigate—that of getting your carriage. Bare-headed, bare-necked belles, of all ages, stand closely jostled together by the hour, just outside St. James's Palace, awaiting the announcement by the Queen's footmen that their servants are in attendance, and ready to announce their carriages. Beaux become very anxious, fussy, and busy, and are perfectly useless.

The broad daylight out-of-doors is very trying to the temper and the complexion of all but the youngest and most gentle.

The Earl of Richlands looked much more made up, old, and grim, in the broad glare of day, than he had done in the softened light inside the palace.

Both he and the young Marquis were very officious about Lady Hauteville's carriage; and Sir Joseph Brownlow was in a perfect fume.

But yet it was a very long time before the burly coachman in his wig, and the tall footmen with their powdered heads, gorgeous liveries, gold-headed sticks, and huge hot-house bouquets, appeared in view.

And all this time the fair young beauties gained in reputation for loveliness, for no daylight can reveal grey hair, or wrinkles, or hollows, or rouge, or *Poudre Impératrice*, or false ringlets, or artificial charms of any kind, where they do not exist; and the Count de Roccabella, as he hovered near Miss Lorraine, and saw the love-light in her large blue eyes, and read messages from the heart written in blushes on her cheeks, began to find Interest and Inclination unite in his determination to marry her.

Sir Joseph Brownlow said to himself, "I've made an impression on that young heart. No girl ever looked and blushed like that, unless something was busy at her heart for the first time; and I won't stand shilly-shallying, either, till she's got a bevy of young coxcombs about her. I'll strike while the iron's hot; before a week passes over my head I'll propose—and in a month I'll show them a Lady Brownlow worth looking at!"

"Well, the girls have made a triumphant *début*, Hauteville," said my lady, the Belgravian mamma, as soon as they were safely shut into their splendid new carriage, and were slowly progressing back to Belgrave-square.

CHAPTER XII.

ROUGH ROB AGAIN.

"Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?"
SHAKESPEARE.

Lord Hauteville was by his lady's side in the front seat of the "Clarence;" the two Misses Lorraine were in the "beauty seat," *alias* the back seat. Miss Lorraine was in a sweet reverie; Augusta was enjoying the admiration of the "outsiders." Both were too much self-engrossed to notice that, although their father mechanically answered, or rather echoed, Lady Hauteville's remark in the words, "Very triumphant, indeed, my dear," there was a hoarse quaver in his voice, and that his face, always pale and stern, was positively livid; that his eyes glared wildly, as if he had seen a ghost, and that his white lips were compressed as in great pain, while the lace ruffles of his Court dress quivered with the ague-like shiver that ran through his frame.

And what had the great man seen, to cause this abject terror?

Simply a bronzed, weather-beaten, rough-headed, sturdy fellow, with his wide-awake pulled down over his bushy brows, and his coloured choker drawn up to his mouth, but with enough of his dreaded, well-known face uncovered for Lord Hauteville to recognise "Rough Rob;" while in the tall, elastic form at his side, and the face and air whose native beauty, character, and dignity would have well become a train, a tiara, and a plume of feathers, and, so set off, would have eclipsed many of the proudest beauties he had just left behind, the pale, trembling Hauteville recognised Rough Rob's handsome Irish wife, Mary!

Lord Hauteville had hoped and believed that Rough Rob was by this time far away—that he was on the broad Atlantic at least, if he had not already landed at New York, with the friends who were to join him in the speculation for which his lordship had furnished Rough Rob with the funds.

What could have detained him in London? And what could induce him to show himself in the broad light of day, and in so dense a crowd, risking detection, apprehension, trial, and the scaffold? At the thought, Lord Hauteville shook like an aspen leaf.

Rough Rob, innocent, and therefore fearless, took no precautions but those which his Mary enforced.

He had still a great hankering after giving himself up, and standing his trial like a man.

He was strong in a conviction that God would not allow an innocent man to be found guilty and to be hanged, nor the real murderer to escape the punishment of his crime.

"What if I be tooked and tried for my life, Mary!" he would say; "there's One above that cares even for a poor hunted cretur like I, and I ought to have trusted in Him, and have stood my trial like a man, and not have skulked off like a guilty wretch."

"Och hone!" his Mary would reply; "och hone, och hone! why will ye not be advised, Rob, whin the best frind ye has in the wide warld says ye'd be hanged like a dog! Surely my Lord must judge better than the likes of you. Ye'll break my heart wid yer daring ways, ye will. It 'ud kill me dead to have ye dragged to the gallows, and I'd never know a minute's pace after I was onst a widow—no, not if I lived till a hundred. I'd never recover the shame; and my people, how they'd cast it up to me that I ran away and got married to a gallows-bird. Och hone, och hone!"

With these and similar arguments, Mary induced Rough Rob to keep in doors a good deal (a great trial to the wild man of the woods), and when he could not bear to stay in, to conceal his person as much as he could.

An inevitable delay in the arrangements of Mike O'Rourke had kept Rough Rob and his wife in St. Giles's. But they were to set sail for America on the very night of the day on which the Queen held her first Drawing-room for that year at St. James's.

Now, Mary had a cousin, who had bettered herself—had married a rising man, who had met with great luck in life; and a letter from Ireland brought the news that Mary's cousin, once her equal, her playfellow, her confidante, Norah O'Halloran, who had married Lawyer O'Hara, now Sir Miles O'Hara, was to be presented at Court, "and wear a long thrain and fine feathers and jewels, and all to knale down before the Queen and kiss her Majesty's hand."

Mary felt no envy of her cousin Norah's prosperity, although the contrast in the lot of the two beauties who had been girls together (and Mary much the handsomer of the two) would force itself on her mind; but she felt a great desire, an intense curiosity, to see Lady O'Hara in her Court dress; and Rob, finding out this her secret wish, overmastered her fears, and resolved she should see all that could be seen by early taking up their place in St. James's-street. And Mary did see her cousin; Mary, the head of her grey cloak drawn over her bonnet, and her features concealed as much as possible; Mary, in her Irish peasant costume, much the worse for wear, clinging with love's strength to Rough Rob, the suspected murderer, the escaped prisoner, for whose

DEFECTIVE ORIGINAL

apprehension a thousand pounds was offered. Rough Rob, with a price upon his head, and Norah sparkling with jewels, her white plumes heaving in the breeze, looking all pride and triumph, with a little, mean-looking, sly, ugly old man by her side, on whom she looked down, for she was much taller than he was, and who was jealous of every man that glanced at her, and seemed in a very ill-humour. And in spite of her jewels, her feathers, her rich white satin train, and her pride, there was a dreary discontent in Norah's face, and she answered her jealous lord sharply, and there was cold scorn in the glance with which she met his suspicious scrutiny; and seeing this, Mary clung more closely to Rough Rob, and looking up into his eyes, with tears of tenderness in her own, she said, "Och, Rob! Rob! there goes Norah in all her splendour, her jewels, and her feathers, and her fine coach; and for all that, Rob, I'd not change places wid her! She can't love the little, jeilous Hop-o'-my-thumb by her side. He distrusts her and she despises him. I'd rather stand here on fute, wid my own poor, innocent, wronged, and hunted Rob, and feel I'm all the world to him, and him to I, than be a grand lady going to Court in my cooch, by the side of the likes of Lawyer O'Hara."

It was while Mary spoke thus—her fine gray eyes, full of tears, raised to Rough Rob's face, and his, moist, too, with dews from the heart, bent down upon her—that the Hauteville equipage moved slowly by them; and thus they did not see his lordship—their "best friend and noble patron," as they called him, in the ignorance and simplicity of their hearts.

It was a great relief to Lord Hauteville that they did not see him.

But the sight of them disturbed his peace by day and his sleep by night; for many a long day after, when in his lonely chamber, he woke from a troubled sleep (in which his hot breast seemed to be trampled on by the sharp hoofs of a whole stud of nightmares), to lie in a cold perspiration, shaking the stately bed with the velvet hangings surmounted by a coronet; a scaffold would weave itself into the coats of arms on the velvet and on the chair-backs; and the Past would rise on his memory with all the freshness of yesterday. He would see the little grassy amphitheatre in the Black Wood, and his brother, with the life-blood purpling the grass, and that small, spectral, scarlet rill, that would trickle down the gentle slope, and, as it were, give him chase; and then Fancy dissolved that view, and he saw a dark mob of countless heads, and heard loud groans of execration, and shouts and yells, and he was mounting, with ice-cold feet, the steps of the scaffold; and the white cap was drawn over his face, and the cord was adjusted round his neck, and all was over in this world. But the next! Oh! Fancy dared not picture the Eternity of the Fratricide!

And while her lord, in his lonely chamber, was suffering the tortures of the damned, Lady Hauteville, in her soft lace cap, with its pink rosettes, and her richly-embroidered night-gear, was smiling in her sleep, as she dreamt of the gay weddings of the future Lady Brownlow, and that of the Countess of Richlands or the Marchioness of Malplaquet—she did not care which—for if the Marquis was a grade higher in rank, the Lord of Richlands had finer estates, the handsomer town mansion in Grosvenor-square, and the more splendid family diamonds. Besides, he had been married, and knew what a lady of fashion required, and had been very liberal in every way to the late countess—while the Marquis of Malplaquet, though so young, and a *roué*, was a sordid one. He was known to be mean; indeed, his stinginess about settlements had caused the breaking off of a match between him and the belle of the preceding season.

And so Lady Hauteville did not much care which of these two noble and ignoble suitors led her fair Georgina to the altar, but lay on her bed of down, smiling in her sleep, under the influence of that spirit of fashion which

> "Oft in dreams invention may bestow,
> To add a flower or change a furbelow."

And all this time the partner of her life—him whom she had taken for better, for worse, and had sworn to keep in sickness and in health, in weal or woe, till death did them part—lay, in a room separated from hers only by a dressing-closet, lying on that rack which a guilty conscience spreads upon every bed of "stubble or of stubble-down;" cold drops of sweat upon his brow, the worm that dieth not feeding on his heart, and the fire that is not quenched scorching his brain.

Oh! who that could count the cost would ever stain his hands with blood, and sell his soul to the great enemy of mankind, who is ever at hand, first to tempt to crime, and then to exult in the anguish it entails, and the hideous penalties it enforces?

(To be continued in our next.)

An ignorant Dutchman, passing a number of railroad tanks in the course of a day's journey, and never having seen any before, was non-plussed to account for their use. At length, after examining one of them for about twenty-five minutes, and scratching his head quite bald, he ejaculated, "Tey musht be iron champs, to keep der ertquakes from breaking up der road."

HALF-HOURS WITH NEW BOOKS.

THE IRISH OF THE PAST.

The national character of Ireland was long obscured, from the effect of its own exaggerated travesties. Brave and generous as Irishmen are admitted to be, they laboured to gain a reputation for reckless pugnacity and unprincipled profuseness. The national songs, written by their native bards, gave a popular version of their characteristics which naturally superinduced contempt. The sober English could not hold in great respect a people who habitually depicted themselves in an aspect at once grotesque and disreputable. The man—

"Who spends half-a-crown out of sixpence a day,"

or who

"Goes into a tent to spend half-a-crown,
Comes out, meets his friend, and for love knocks him down,"

is at best but a loose and dangerous person, whose jocular absurdities raise a laugh, but whose society and whose "friendship" we would shun. Yet such was the standard a majority of the Irish established for themselves, not merely in doggrel verse, but in absolute fact, and they felt a poor pride in acting down to the degrading level of spendthriftism and bullying. To get into debt and difficulty, and either fight or wriggle their way out of it, was the general rule, and those who formed the exceptions, numerous as they were, were looked on as shabby defaulters. He who abhorred duelling, disliked hard drinking, or avoided prodigal expense, was branded as a poltroon, a pippin-squeezer, a skin-flint, or by some such expressive though inelegant epithets, and it required great firmness to brave the contumely they conveyed. The result was wide-spread over all society. Extravagance and exaggeration in living and speaking, law-suits, battles with bailiffs, single combats with pistols, faction fighting with shillelaghs, wine, whiskey, gambling; the gaol for the gentleman, and the gallows for the peasant; such was the combination that gave Ireland its lamentable pre-eminence. It is true that many of the best attributes of the national character flourished amidst this chaos. The wilderness abounded with flowers, though they were choked with weeds. Courage and hospitality were mixed up with the excesses that overlaid them; and all—virtues, vices, talents, crimes—formed a tangled mass of contradictions which bad government made it impossible to unravel.—*Beaten Paths.*

RIDING OVER A LIVING PAVEMENT.

Next came the ceremony of the Dosch or Treading. Several men near me lay down on their faces in the dust, across the lane walled by eager spectators, but yet clearly defined, along which the shekh was to pass. Presently bands of derwishes, headed by distinguishing flags, rushed up. With furious ardour, almost with rivalry, they threw themselves upon the ground alongside those who had already taken up their position; and active hands quickly arranged two or three hundred men into a solid compact pavement. Two half-naked *fakirs*, one drawing the edge of a sword across the unprotected skin of his chest, the other thrusting the point of a sharp weapon, loaded with a ball of lead, against every part of his person, added to the wildness of the scene. Heralded by a brilliant banner the shekh appeared, seated, motionless as an automaton, on a strong steel-grey horse, and surrounded by six attendants, two guiding the reins, two keeping him in the saddle, and two bringing up the rear. In this order the sacred phalanx advanced along the backs of the prostrate devotees. With firm and rapid, though slightly constrained step, the horse, whose motions I carefully watched, trod upon them, his foot rarely slipping between the bodies which, closely wedged together, composed the living causeway, but planting itself each time on a quivering man. Yet no cry of pain escaped the lips of those who underwent the ordeal; or if a stifled groan, which no effort of the will could control, did involuntarily find utterance, it was drowned by the shouts of "Allah!" which resounded throughout the multitude. And after the shekh had passed, and those over whom he had ridden had gained their feet, or were urgently assisted to rise by their friends, even those who seemed nearly swooning, whose faces reflected the torture they endured, and who, despite their fortitude, writhed in agony, were obviously desirous to join the throng immediately and appear unhurt; because, to be injured, would have been an evidence of their own unworthiness, as the miracle of the harmless treading only professes to apply to those who, by prayer and devotional preparation, are fit to undergo it.—*Thebes: its Tombs and their Tenants.*

TOM TAYLOR.

My *vis-à-vis* happened to be Tom Taylor, who was decidedly the liveliest of the company. Tom is a man of thirty-eight, or thereabouts, rather tall than short, well-built, with a strong, squarish face, black eyes, hair, and moustache, and a gay, cheerful, wide-awake air, denoting a happy mixture of the imaginative and the practical faculties. He was always ready to join in the laugh, and to crown it by provoking another. In fact, he showed so little of English reserve, so much of unembarrassed American *bonhommie*, that we ought properly to call him "Our English Cousin."—*Home and Abroad.*

GOOD MOTHERS MAKE GOOD DAUGHTERS.

Mothers should so educate their daughters (for it is, in reality, with the mothers that it rests) that they may become useful members of society, let their station in it be what it may; and I see no reason why all girls should not acquire a knowledge of what is commonly called hard work. A knowledge of plain sewing, washing, cooking, baking, dusting, &c., will not tend in the least degree to diminish their intellectual powers; it would improve their health, and certainly assist in fitting them to become valuable wives for men in any class of life, at home or in the colonies.

It is not imperative that a woman, because she knows how to work, should work; but she may be placed in situations where she will find this knowledge very useful to her; and I candidly say, that were I obliged to take a situation to-morrow, I would rather perform the duties of a servant than fill the thankless position of a mentally overworked, ill-paid teacher. A young lady, one of those whose time had been occupied with "weak French and stronger piano," together with a smattering of other accomplishments, having become possessed of a home of her own, but lacking the power of managing it, one day treated her "better half," who was exceedingly ill, with a bowl of white wine whey; and how do you think she manufactured it? She sent to the nearest dairy (it was in London) for a pint of whey, and pouring two glasses of sherry into the cold whey, gave it to the unfortunate man to drink. I need not say, this delicious compound had the contrary effect to what the medical man who ordered the white wine whey anticipated!

I have often heard women say, "My daughter never goes near the kitchen;" or, "I should not think of allowing 'Emily Jane' or 'Belinda Agnes' to do anything in the house, for I do not wish them to mix with the servants;" and when I have gently insinuated "that a slight knowledge of housekeeping might be more useful to the damsels in question," mamma has generally replied, with a smile of contempt for my vulgar notions, "The dear girl when she has a home of her own will find it all come very easy to her;" just as if matrimony always inoculated those who entered the pale thereof with useful knowledge, producing, as a general rule, a full crop of wife-like domestic qualities; and that therefore any previous instruction which would take the Emilys and Belindas from their Berlin wool or the piano, must be a complete waste of time. So long as mothers of families, women who have ample means and full opportunities of teaching or getting their children taught useful things, entertain such notions on the subject, can we feel surprised at there being so many applicants for governesses' situations, so many fallen women, unhappy homes, bad husbands, and miserable wives in the world?

ALPHABET OF PROVERBS.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.
B oasters are cousins to liars.
C onfession of a fault makes half amends.
D enying a fault doubles it.
E nvy shooteth at others and woundeth herself.
F oolish fear doubles danger.
G od reaches good things by our hands.
H e has hard work who has nothing to do.
I t costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them.
K navery is the worst trade.
L earning makes a man fit company for himself.
M odesty is a guard to virtue.
N ot to hear conscience is not the way to silence it.
P roud looks make foul work in their faces.
Q uiet conscience gives quiet sleep.
R ichest is he that wants least.
S mall faults indulged are little thieves that let in greater.
T he boughs that bear most hang lowest.
U pright walking is sure walking.
V irtue and happiness are mother and daughter.
W ise men make more opportunities than they find.
Y ou never lose by doing a good turn.
Z eal without knowledge is without light.

A Criticism of Critics.—"I am (says Moore, writing to Leigh Hunt), as great a foe to critics as poor Hopner was to *connoisseurs* in painting. They expose a vast deal of absurdity, to be sure; and it is of much importance to know why we are pleased or displeased, they tell us; but I am quite sure that the watchful rigour they exercise in these days is, among other things, fatal to the little genius that's left us. If Wordsworth's absurdities had not been so rudely handled, we should have had more of his greatness; and I think there is but little doubt that if Shakespeare had critics standing sentinels over every pun and conceit that wanted to escape, we should have lost many a beauty that has rushed out headlong with them. It is the *talent* of our present race of critics that makes them as pernicious as they are formidable. No man of sensibility or modesty (and these qualities generally accompany true genius) can write a line without having the dread of these persons before his eyes; and he who is obliged to *pick his steps* will never win the Olympic race. But it has always been the sign of an age of mediocrity. The great cities of Greece and Rome appeared after the sunset of genius, and (if I may descend to so low a comparison) were like the poor emigrants' cook, talking learnedly of the art of dressing when there was no more meat left to dress."

CURRENT GOSSIP

The Empress Eugenie has founded a grand charitable society on a large scale, for the purpose of lending small sums to the poor without interest.

Post-Office Savings'-Banks.—The total deposits received at the New Post-office Savings'-banks, from the date of their formation to the 31st of March last, has been £735,253, from 91,965 persons. The total withdrawals have amounted only to £40,650.

A very beautiful drinking-fountain has just been erected in the Regent's-park, midway between the entrance to the second park and the Zoological Gardens. It is approached by steps, and consists of a large stone basin, surmounted by a granite column, five feet high.

The author of some of the most popular negro songs of the day is Mr. Stephen C. Foster, a clerk at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. He writes the words as well as the music of his songs. His first, "Uncle Ned," was published in 1845, and sold as never song before did in America. "The Old Folks at Home" and "Old Dog Tray" have been scarcely less successful.

Strength of the Army.—The number of effectives, including officers and staff, is as follows:—Chargeable to British revenue, 148,390; chargeable to Indian revenue, 63,101; depôts of regiments in India stationed in Great Britain, the expenses covered by the capitation rate on men serving in India, 11,531,—total, 218,022. And the cost of keeping this non-productive host is only part of that of the game of war!

The Trial of Rifled Guns.—The successful competitors appear to be Mr. Lancaster and Mr. Bashley Britten. Mr. Lancaster's gun has withstood one thousand rounds, eight hundred of which were with solid, spiral, oval projectiles, each weighing 50 lbs., with a 6 lbs. powder charge. Mr. Britten's gun was also fired a thousand times, with 48 lbs. projectile, and 5 lbs. powder charge. Both guns are still perfectly serviceable.

The New Hartley Mine is to be re-opened. A new company will sink a new shaft, and commence to re-work the coal in the pit. The miners of Northumberland and Durham have resolved to petition the legislature to take such proceedings as shall render the workers in the Northern mines less liable to casualties. They ask, first, that it shall be compulsory on coal-owners to sink two shafts to each mine; secondly, that the number of inspectors shall be increased; and, thirdly, that measures shall be taken to secure the better ventilation of mines.

The Japanese Ambassadors in the House of Commons.—They were accompanied by a gentleman in English costume, who probably was their interpreter and guide. They were shown into the gallery usually appropriated to the diplomatic corps, at the end of the House, opposite to the Speaker, and they were attended by their suite of three—the interesting trio being, as it is understood, simply spies upon the actions of the ambassadors. They sat apart from their superiors, with whom they in no way communicated; nor, indeed, did they appear to hold any converse with each other. The Japanese ambassadors and their suite exhibited their heads in all their natural nudity. All the three ambassadors wore white kid gloves, and this appeared to be the only distinction in attire which marked the superiors from the suite. Of course they did not understand a word of what was going on, nor did they seem to feel much desire to understand it, for they never consulted their cicerone. The dusky visitors very speedily gratified their curiosity, for they did not remain more than ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, and then took their departure, probably to a more congenial scene. We wonder what kind of report the spies will make of this visit to the British legislature? As far as we could discern, their whole observation was centred in the mace, the three clerks at the table, and the Speaker, whose functions, especially those of the mace, they would probably afterwards make inquiries about.

The Steam Power at the Exhibition.—The steam power which gives motion to the whole of the machinery in motion, is derived from a nest of boilers placed in a boiler-house beyond the Annexe, and in the rear of the conservatory of the Horticultural Gardens. There are in the whole six boilers; these are cylindrical, and of the high-pressure kind. They are each thirty feet in length, six feet six inches in diameter, and they all have double fire-places within their flues. Ranged side by side, horizontally, at convenient distances from each other, and placed high enough, and not too high, for the stoker's convenience, they form a model of good boiler-setting. There are no abominable stoke-holes, the temperature and dust of which stifle and choke their unhappy occupants, but all is above-ground and accessible. Messrs. Hick, of Bolton, were the makers of the Exhibition boilers. So extensive is the demand made upon the steam mains—two of which traverse longitudinally each of the perspective arcades of the Annexe, in trenches made for their reception—so great is the demand made upon these for keeping the machinery moving, that the whole of the boilers have to be in use at the same time, and a pressure of not less than 70 lbs. on the square inch maintained. Smoke-consuming fire-doors are attached to the furnaces of the boilers, but these, we believe, effect but partially the object sought. The flues communicate with a chimney of large diameter, but of low elevation, at the back of the boiler-house.

The President's Valet.—They are telling a funny story at the West-end. The other night Earl Russell gave a reception. A Mr. President Benson, of Liberia—a coloured gentleman—was invited. His suite are also black; and a rather distinguished man was walking upstairs, when the attendants accosted him, and requested to know who he was. With very considerable dignity, but with not very distinguishable broken English, he replied, "I am ze President's Vaillee." The attendant who had accosted him, thinking this was a style, title, and name, bowed low, and requested the sable dignitary to take another staircase; which he did, preceded by the attendant in question, who conducted "the black gemman" straight to the reception-room, and, throwing open the door, exclaimed, "The President Vaillee!" The gentleman in black seemed a little bewildered, and his embarrassment was in no way diminished by being requested by a gentleman in waiting to advance to Earl Russell, which he did; and he was just in the act of shaking hands with our Foreign Minister, when the official at the door proclaimed—"Mr. President Benson!" The consternation of the President of the Republic of Liberia, when he saw his domestic valet shaking hands gravely with Earl Russell, may be imagined easily. His mortification, however, was intensified when Earl Russell informed him that, until that moment, he was unaware that the President of Liberia had a President Vaillee in his government!

THE JESTER

The man who ate his dinner with the fork of a river has been attempting to spin a mountain top.

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends," as the doughnuts remarked, when the pretty girl was making them.

"It's Never too Late to Mend." No: but people with gardens should remember it's often too late to *sow*.

"Tommy, my son, what is a meridian of longitude?"—"A clothes-line, papa."—"How so, my son?"—"Because it stretches from pole to pole!"

A lady asked a gentleman the time of the day. He said he kept no watch, and that in the morning "chanticleer" was his time-piece.—"I did not know before," rejoined the lady, "that the fowl was so scientific a *crow*-nologer."

A little boy, who had been in the habit of regaling himself on popped or parched corn, during the first beautiful fall of large feathery snow went running to his father, exclaiming, "I know what snow is, papa."—"What, my son?"—"It is popped water, papa."

"Tom, why don't you drop in and take tea with us some time? My wife would be pleased to have you."—"Well, Dick, I seldom go a-visiting; for I think that if I find better fare it will make me discontented at home; and if it should be any poorer, it wouldn't be much of an object."

A genuine Highlander was one day looking at a print from a picture by one of the old masters, in which angels were represented blowing trumpets. He inquired if the angels played on trumpets, and being answered in the affirmative, made the following pithy remark:—"Hech, sirs, but they maun be pleased wi' music! I wonder they dinna borrow a pair of bagpipes."

The Ballot: A mode of secret voting, which is adopted with success in clubs where the result is not publicly proclaimed, but which could hardly be introduced into the House of Commons, where there are always tellers. The devotees of the ballot maintain that it would effectually prevent bribery, and that thus you would not be liable to be winked at by the "ayes," or led by the "noes." On the other hand, it is argued that it would increase corruption by enabling the voter to take bribes from both sides without being discovered, putting his finger to the "noes" whilst he closed with the "ayes." It is, however, certain that a conscientious man having a secret vote would not be likely to "split."

HOME HINTS

To Make Hard Water Soft.—River water is soft if the stream passes rapidly over a pebbly channel—but hard if over clay. To render hard water soft, filter through stone; or boil first, then add carbonate of soda when cold, and boil again.

To Take Stains out of Marble.—One gall, one wine-glass of soap-lees, half a wine-glass of turpentine. This mixture must be made into a paste with a little pipe-clay; spread the marble with this, which should not be removed for a few days: and if, on wiping it off, the object is not effected, a second application will generally be sufficient.

How to Keep Butter Sweet for Years.—The butter must be well churned and worked, and packed hard and tight in kegs of seasoned white oak: the head is then put in, leaving a small hole, in which brine is poured to fill the vacant space; and of so much importance is it deemed to prevent any bad taste, that the plug for the hole must not be made of cedar or pines, but of cypress or bass wood, as otherwise it would be injured. After which, these kegs are placed in hogsheads well filled with brine of full solution, that will bear an egg, which is then headed up tight and close. By adopting this process, butter may be made to keep in any climate.

Choice and Management of Tooth-brushes.—After the general care required by the teeth themselves, there is no article of personal comfort and cleanliness demanding greater nicety of choice and management than the tooth-brush employed in our daily toilet. In the choice, that brush should be selected which is the finest and softest, and has the bristles the most evenly and closely set; and in the management, all that will be required to preserve it in an admirable condition for the gums and teeth will be, after using, to immerse it in a tumbler of clear water twice, pressing the bristles against the side of the glass to wash out the powder, and then gently rubbing quite dry over a cloth stretched tightly over the fore-finger. This manipulation requires a moment or two in the execution, and, if once adopted, will not fail to be constantly employed.

FACTS FOR EVERYBODY

Filtered Water.—The clearest and best water loses nothing of its goodness by filtration, but rather improves; no house, therefore, should be without a filtering fountain. A very economical one may be made by taking out the head of a cask, setting it upright, and at a distance of about one-third from the bottom, putting in a shelf or partition, pierced with small holes; the shelf is then to be covered with a layer of clean, small pebbles, over which a quantity of fresh charcoal made from wood or bones—the latter is preferable—and fine sand should be laid to the depth of an inch, and then covered with another layer of pebbles; over this should be placed another shelf, pierced with holes, to prevent the water which runs or is poured in from disturbing the prepared bed of charcoal and sand and pebbles. At the bottom of the cask a cock is to be placed, to draw off the water as it is wanted. If it is intended to use rain-water, a pipe should communicate from the reservoir to the top of the cask; and in that case the top is to be fitted in, leaving an opening for the pipe, and sufficient vent.

The Pauper Burial-Ground at Naples.—This yard is but eighty-seven square yards, yet has been the burial-place for many years, and consists of 365 pits, one of which is opened every day of the year, and the poor and those who die in hospitals during the previous twenty-four hours, are shot down, you cannot call it burying. We arrived too early for this process,—ceremony we must not call it; but the porter (with us, sexton) politely raised one of the stones, disclosing an aperture about two feet six inches square, through which the bodies are shot, head first or feet first, as may happen, in a state of nudity. On the side of the grave or pit were some dozen lads or men and one or two women, in charge of as many boxes, each containing a corpse, mostly children, awaiting the opening, which takes place a little before the final closing of the gates; all coming afterwards having to wait with their precious burdens till the following eve, and, we were told, fined into the bargain. For this painful, though interesting exhibition, we had to pay half a dollar, and a quarter dollar for the opening of as many of the coffins or boxes as we chose to see.

RELICS OF THE PAST

The Style of "Your Majesty."—Up to the time of the Emperor Charles V., when a king of France, England, or Spain, was addressed, he was styled "Your Grace;" but Charles, wishing to place himself in a higher rank than other monarchs, demanded the title of "Majesty;" a distinction which did not long continue, for the other sovereigns of Europe quickly followed his example; and in our day all kings, whether rulers of small or great states, are equally styled "Your Majesty."

Origin of the Diadem.—The diadem originated in a ribbon, or fillet, woven of silk, thread, or wool. It was tied round the temples and forehead; the two ends being knotted behind, and let fall on the neck. It was usually white and quite plain, though sometimes embroidered with gold, and set with pearls and precious stones. According to Pliny, the diadem was invented by Bacchus. Athenæus assures us that topers first made use of it to protect themselves from the fumes of wines, by tying it tightly round their heads; and that it long afterwards came to be a royal ornament. Swift ascribes it to the cobblers:—

"Ali the cobblers' temples ties;
To keep the pain out of their eyes;
From whence 'tis plain the diadem
That princes wear derives from them."

Royal Likenesses.—We often hear of the long perseverance of a certain cast of features, or of some special features in families; and of the truth of the remark there is no lack of illustrations. The portraits of our own royal family furnish in themselves a very clear example of resemblance continued through a series of generations. The most observable peculiarity may be said to consist of a fullness in the lower part of the cheek. It can be traced back not only to the first monarch of the family of Brunswick Lunenburg, but to his mother, the Electress Sophia of Hanover. There is reason to believe that common points of physiognomy in the Stuart and Hanover families can be traced to a generation prior to King James, who is the common ancestor. It may be remarked, that between the youthful portraits of Prince Charles Edward and those of the Prince of Wales now coming into circulation, a very striking resemblance exists. Thus the perseverance of physiognomy may be said to extend over *three centuries* and *eleven generations*.

FAMILY DOCTOR

Diarrhœa.—The first, the most important, and the most indispensable item in the arrest and cure of looseness of the bowels, is absolute quietude on a bed. Nature herself always prompts this by disinclining us to locomotion. The next thing is to eat nothing but common rice, parched like coffee, and then boiled, and taken with a little salt and butter. Drink little or no liquid of any kind. Bits of ice may be eaten and swallowed at will. Every step taken in diarrhœa, every spoonful of liquid, only aggravates the disease. If locomotion is compulsory, the misfortune of the necessity may be lessened by having a stout piece of woollen flannel bound tightly around the abdomen, so as to be doubled in front, and kept well in its place. In the practice of many years we have never failed to notice a gratifying result to follow these observances.

Effects of an Overdose of Quinine.—A person of my acquaintance swallowed, by mistake, nearly a wineglassful of tincture of quinine. The first effect of it was to produce some very disagreeable symptoms affecting the head, which, however, subsided in about twenty-four hours. These were followed by a very inconvenient amount of deafness, which continued for several days. For some considerable time afterwards he was troubled with another symptom—the appearance of phantoms having the form of portraits of heads and faces with old-fashioned wigs, a large number of them presenting themselves at the same time in groups. These phantoms could be made to disappear by an act of the will, and might be conjured into existence in the same manner. There was, therefore, no danger of their being mistaken for realities, otherwise they would have been very like the illusions of a lunatic.—*Psychological Inquiries.*

WONDERFUL THINGS

Spiders.—Spiders have four paps for spinning their threads, each pap having a thousand holes; and the fine web itself is the union of four thousand threads. No spider spins more than four webs; and when the fourth has been destroyed, they seize on the webs of others.

A Bald Race.—It is now some years since a report first obtained currency to the effect that, far in the western interior, beyond the Balonne River, New South Wales, a tribe of aboriginal natives existed who exhibited remarkable physical distinctions from those with whom explorists and other colonists have so long been familiar. It was said that the natives in question were entirely destitute of hair, even on the head, which was as bald as a billiard-ball. The Sydney *Empire* newspaper states that, the other day, Mr. M'Kay, a gentleman just arrived from the Balonne River, called at the office with one of these natives. He is a young man, according to Mr. M'Kay's belief, only about sixteen or seventeen years of age, but certainly looking much older. His head is entirely destitute of hair. There was a black, ingrained appearance on the scalp, as if the roots of hair remained; but Mr. M'Kay states that this is merely the traces of a dirty cloth which he was in the habit of wearing on his head. Mr. M'Kay had not seen more than six or seven specimens of this strange race, but one of them was a woman!

*** *Our attention having been drawn to* "The Wife's Own Number of the Halfpenny Journal," *we are desirous of recommending it to those of our readers who wear the plain gold ring. It is a sheet of really Useful Information upon Marketing—Accounts—Economy—Dress and Clothing—Making and Mending—Infant Treatment—Kitchen Cookery—Laundry and Washing Operations, and a vast variety of other important aids and helps to matrons. Although specially prepared for the* "Halfpenny Journal," *it is admirably adapted to bind up with* "Twice a Week," *and all other halfpenny and penny London Journals. It may be procured at any Bookseller's, price One Halfpenny.*

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